

No 4414.8





K. 132

PAMPHLETS.

Historical Addresses.

711218

1195

7/

HISTORY

AS A TEACHER OF

Social and Political Science.

AN ADDRESS,

BY

REV. TRUMAN M. POST, D. D.,

[OF ST. LOUIS, MO.]

DELIVERED, BY SPECIAL REQUEST,

AT

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, FEBRUARY 16, 1870.

SPRINGFIELD:

ILLINOIS STATE JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE.

1870.

C

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Boston Public Library

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

At the urgent solicitation of those at whose invitation it was delivered, and of warmly attached personal friends and former pupils of the author, a copy of this magnificent Historical Lecture has been kindly furnished for publication. It was delivered, in the city of Springfield, in the 3d Presbyterian Church, on Wednesday Evening, February 16th, 1870, in response to a very cordial invitation from the Governor and State Officers, and from the President and members of the Convention then assembled at the Capital to frame a New Constitution for the State of Illinois.

It was generally known that Dr. Post had profoundly studied the philosophy, methods, and uses of History and historical research; that he regarded a knowledge of the teachings and warnings of History as eminently useful and necessary, especially for American Statesmen and Scholars; and that his reputation as a lecturer upon those and kindred themes, was acknowledged and pronounced throughout the West. The occasion of revising and reconstructing the organic law of a great commonwealth, seemed especially appropriate for a discourse by such a man, upon such a subject. The audience would be largely composed of the distinguished gentlemen who were then in council, from every part of the State, for the purpose of laying anew the foundations of civil government in Illinois; and it would be meet, it was thought, that the light and lessons of History should be held up to the view of those who were themselves *making history*.

How grandly and graphically this was done, the lecture itself will show. For sublimity of conception; range and sweep of survey; dynamic grasp and compression of diverse, elusive, and gigantic materials, elements and ideas—for marvelous power of statement, illustration and coloring, and befitting magnificence of diction and splendor of rhetoric, this address will captivate every student not only of history, but of the English language itself.

Did ever chemist manipulate more easily the tiniest objects and substances in his laboratory, extorting their subtlest secrets and making them eloquent of the arcana of God in Nature,—than this address deals with ages and empires and civilizations, with ethnic and continental and cosmical facts, events, ideas, laws—forcing them all to testify of the presence and regency of God in History? Where in modern literature is there an ideal portrait so perfect, so grand and luminous, so palpably distinguishable; and yet so exquisitely veiled from nearer view, so transfigured, exalted and glorified by poetic and spiritual environments; by the golden haze, the translucent mists through which it is revealed, as that here given of him whose dust reposes beneath the shades of Oak Ridge? And for awful majesty and grandeur—upon what canvas did artist-author ever dash historic colors with a vividness so dramatic and terrible, as those which glow and glare and flash from the picture here drawn of the “crimson tempest,” whose sullen echoes have hardly yet died away along our shores.

But let the lecture be read—it cannot be described.

LECTURE.

IN response to an invitation, enforced by names in high honor among yourselves and throughout the country—names connected with your State government and the Constitutional Convention now in session in this place, or eminent for social position and public service, and associated, some of them, with the friendships of earlier years, I appear here this evening. I confess, moreover, to a drawing by the memories of my youth, and by the sentiment of filial affection and pride I still bear toward the State of Illinois, where I spent the first and a large portion of my manly life—a State which I remember as an infant waif, and which I now see grand and historic, even in its youth.

My theme has been determined by intimations connected with that invitation, as well as by appositeness to the time and place and the auditory inviting. It seems to me, also, one fitting the present position of the American people. It is “The Methods of History for Americans,” or “History as a Teacher of Social and Political Science.”

Historic methods, or the modes and purposes of historic study, must vary with the wants and aims of different periods and peoples. Ours, at this time, must have respect to certain great social and political problems before us, which must soon be resolved.

These are—1st, the genesis and organization of States imperial in extent and in the grandeur of their future, over an area equal to more than one-half of modern Europe—a problem which drives us beyond precedent, conventionality and tradition, to first principles, and requires provision to be made against the waste and shock of time, and the forces of ruin inherent in all human societies, by building with primordial truths and on the eternal reason of things. This is a problem novel in character and vastness.

2d. Another problem is that of universal popular liberty—liberty commensurate with humanity itself—the government of the million by the million, through constitutional forms and representative institutions—a problem also novel in idea, method and vastness.

A third is that of the federation of these States—independent and sovereign in their sphere, and extending from ocean to ocean over the breadth of half a zone, into a living, self-conscious, national unity; consistent, at the same time, with the requisite autonomy of the States and the universal liberty of the individual citizen. This problem also is without prototype in the past.

A fourth problem is that of blending throughout our vast domain a metropolitan with a colonial civilization; that is, the new with the old, the tentative with the established, the reformatory with the conservative—young life with its boldness and enthusiasm of innovation and experiment, and age with its wisdom of caution and reverence, perpetually commingling. This problem, like the others, has no analogies in the past, except an imperfect one in ancient Rome; and it requires wisdom in its treatment, that it work not to us as it did to her, denationalization and barbarism, but the rather a perpetual vitalization and rejuvenescence.

And fifth, we have the problem of the coalescence, into one national life, of many kindreds, languages and civilizations—a problem fearful in vastness and perils, and requiring forces of fusion, assimilation and unification not found hitherto in the history of the world. Myriads—soon destined to count by millions, annually brought to our shores over both oceans—are constantly incorporated with the body of our empire. We are becoming a medley of all customs, manners, dialects, religions, civilizations and barbarisms under the sun. The vast cauldron, seething with these ingredients, must soon show some strange form of beauty or terror, something angelic or demoniac, emergent—a cosmopolitan civilization beyond all the past, or a power of ruin with no prototype. We surely build a Pandemonium or a New Jerusalem.

For these problems history must be our directory; for history alone, wrought to a wise philosophy, must instruct us in the science requisite to their solution, namely, Sociology, or the Science of Society—the science of its nature, laws and tendencies; its moods, impulses, passions; its dangers, plagues and safeguards; its pathology and therapeutics; its factors of liberty,

order and life, or of dissolution and death; that which Plato, in his Republic, places as the chief and summary of all sciences. It treats of the millions, their life and action; of institutions, of great and permanent causes, of eras, nations, civilizations—in brief, of humanity itself. It is the ultimate coronal lore of the centuries.

The necessity of it is pressing imperatively on the world; eminently so, at this present, as the million—the Democracy—is clearly seen rising to the sphere of power: a rise, which, regard it as we may, as a hope or a horror, as devilish or divine, is recognized by publicists throughout the world, as moving on with the certainty of a decree of God. The science of this new sovereignty is now, therefore, to the nations, and especially to our own, the riddle of the Sphinx, which we are to read or die. Of this science history is teacher, as history is properly the biography of society, of nations, of civilizations and of political and social systems. This is its import in common parlance used absolutely and without qualification—a paradigm of the fortunes of humanity—of that commonwealth of commonwealths of which different ages, peoples and sections are but segments, and which we are wont to term “Society.” The drama of humanity with its scenery and personnel, its passion, achievement, failures, successes—it is the great thesaurus of the materials, instances and proofs, for any science of it.

Apart from history there is no field for its induction. The past is mute. It has wrought through the centuries in vain; and the nations must still wander and stumble on in hopeless, helpless bewilderment and empiricism. This, as we have faith in a Divine Reason regent in affairs, we do not, we cannot receive: Not that history properly ever repeats itself, or that the future is destined to be a counterpart of the past. The life of society may be circular; but its circle is a spiral. It climbs as it winds. Its movement may be rotary, but with the rotation, not of the mill but of of the chariot wheel. It advances as it revolves.

But though history does not repeat itself, humanity does, and the great factors of its science—God, man and nature—are the same; the same now as in the days of the Cæsars and the Pharaohs. The voyage of humanity may now be with new ships, crews, machinery and motive power, and through new seas, but the great force of nature, of earth, air and flood, the indications

of the compass and the barometer and the signs of the heavens, are the same: the same tokens of the shoal and breaker, gale or tempest; of nearing the belt of calms or the storm-circle, the region of the regular trade-winds or the sultry atmosphere of the cyclone or typhoon. With whatever change of position, development or environment, of culture or faith, the chief elements in the social problem still present adequate analogies for an inductive and practical philosophy.

Taught by recorded experience we may recognize the approach of critical periods and vital perils, and feel the tempest of revolution and change in the air, or the coming storm in tidal pulses of the social deeps. The signs which are on our own times, for instance—do not some of them strike the student of history as strangely and startlingly familiar? as portents he well recognizes as thickening on Rome in the time of the Triumvirate and the civil wars? the same economic gulf yawning between social extremes; the like bloat and parade of sudden wealth; similar dizziness and intoxication of vast social vicissitudes and consequent confusion of moral and political ideas and traditions? Portentous luxury, corruptions, ambitions, audacities, crimes, all colossal: blending with political gambling and demagogism and with decaying faith in God and fatherland—such phenomena, projecting from widening deeps of proletarian ignorance, squalor, poverty and woe—reappearing, though in comparative miniature type, in our times—startle us with their significance. They warn us of the terrible plagues ever wont to wait on civil arms, even those taken up in the name of causes most righteous and of sentiments most noble. Such wars may be for life. They *must* be for life or for death.

Again, for the materials of a social science, history is a *reliable* witness. Many are wont to deride it as only the dullest of fiction; fiction without its romance. Rightly, often; especially if respect be had to minutiae, details, personalities. But social science is one of averages; the stability of its induction and deduction depending on the breadth of its survey. Its lessons are of generalities and aggregates—truest of the largest: of millions and ages, of laws embracing long periods and large multitudes, and vast and permanent causes. These may present moral certainties, while doubts wait round individual facts and instances. Nothing may be more uncertain than what certain individuals, A, B, or C,

may have done or may do ; when at the same time, nothing may be more assured, than what the masses or eras to which they belong, have done or will do. Statistics show a wonderful uniformity of action in large averages, and that in things most abnormal and capricious, most bizarre, and almost irrational. Statisticians, curious in such matters, tell us, for instance, that about the same number in the realm of France, marry their grand-aunts and grand-nieces ; about the same number commit suicide, and with the same weapons—dagger, pistol, halter or poison—year by year. Thus though individual phenomena are doubtful, average results may be ascertainable and calculable for the purposes of social science, according to the same laws and with much of the certainty, on which insurance companies proceed with confidence and success.

Again, social science is one of aggregate out-comes, and, ultimate and general results. Now nothing may be clearer, often, than such results and outcomes, when the details, many of them, are still in dispute. The battle of Waterloo, for instance,—nothing can be stranger than the contradictions in regard to its details, and that by eye-witnesses and actors. Exactly how that battle was gained or lost is still in controversy, and may always be so. But the issue and out-come are before all the world : and the course on which that issue and outcome determined the history of Europe. History clearly shows the one though the other may be hid.

Social science again, is one not only of large masses, but of long times, of general and permanent tendencies, organic forces and movements that reach through centuries. And for facts of this kind history may be reliable, when for direction and progress in brief periods, nothing certain could be determined. Nothing seems more indeterminate or capricious than the course of the Mississippi in a small section of its way ; winding now through tangled wilderness, or lost amid swamps and bayous ; now deflected by headlands, or dispersed amid islands, or turned back by barriers of rocks ; meandering, eddying, returning on itself, it seems under the control of no one directive tendency. You are bewildered in attempting to project its movement. But climb some adjacent cliff commanding a wide outlook over a degree of latitude, and its objective course is clear. So of the history of ancient Greece or Rome, or of modern Europe, England or France,

the movement on the scale of centuries or eras, is easily determinable, when by years, lustrums or decades, you might find it difficult to indicate its course.

Sociology may then rely on history for its data; but these will be yielded only to a right method of extraction. What is that method? and what the main object and mode of its pursuit? Its great and ultimate quest must be IDEAS—the feelings, beliefs, passions and purposes of the human mind. These are the aim of its last analysis. These are the prime materials, forces and factors of a social science. They are of history the soul—that which bodies itself forth in achievements, institutions, policies, civilizations. *Mens agitat molem*—mind moves the mass. *Mind*, then, we seek in all things, as creator, moulder and motor of affairs. More than what men said or did, even, we are interested to know why they said it, and why they did it. But having reached the idea of an act or event, we rest on it as an original factor.

But social science inquires, especially, after those vast, universal, immortal mental forces that we term, technically, “IDEAS,” denoting certain essential and inextinguishable elements of the human consciousness which cannot perish apart from mind itself; sentiments that attach to us as men, and belong to the definition of our moral being; such as those of rights to liberty of person, property, thought, truth and worship—elements and creators of civil, intellectual and religious freedom. These constitute the great demiurgic forces of the world—the immortal Titans, that no Ætnas of proscriptive despotism or hear wrongs can smother, nor all the bayonets beneath the sun can perpetually beat down. These great, permanent, indestructible and ultimate irrepressible social factors are recognized as the chief objects of historic quest and philosophy, and the chief elements of sociology. They are becoming of mightier power and significancy perpetually, as the world is passing more and more from the realms of force into those of general ideas. Thrones and bayonets are not, even at this present, sovereigns in the world. They themselves already recognize an awful sovereignty above them—the one universal public opinion into which these ideas culminate—the supreme Law and Lord of mankind.

Thither now, therefore, the eye of History is especially directed. In the past she has been too much occupied with the mere phenomenal, the superficial, the personal and the material, the

trappings and show of things, the passions of princes, the intrigues of courts, the fields of the cloth of gold, or at most, with mere outward and material things, as the movements of force, mechanic or military.

It is auspicious for our times that history is evidently becoming more conscious of its true import and objects, more of a philosophy and less of a gossip, sending its analysis more into the social deeps, and more exploring the realm of ideas. Vast in this regard is the advance of the 19th century, not only upon the mediæval but the classic ages. The names of the last half a century, Heeren, Niebhur, Arnold, Momsen, Grote and the like, represent a progress in this direction equivalent to that of all the centuries previous. A new direction has been given to historic inquiry. More than the fact of crossing the Hellespont, we would now like to know what the many nations that followed the imperial madman were thinking of; and more than that of the building of the pyramids, what the brains of the myriads that handled the brick and stone were busy about.

But ideas are to be sought through facts. The proper treatment of facts then—their verification and interpretation—becomes a capital question in a historic method in quest of social science. This treatment implies ascertainment, analysis and synthesis; the fixing of their certainty, their contents and their instructions.

And first, their certainty. We cannot build on myth, poetic fancies or panegyric embellishments, more than on direct falsification. We have little time to expend in interpreting the controverted or conjectural. There has been a vast waste of discussion over fable and surmise; in explaining the philosophy of things which never happened at all. An age or two since the astronomical world were not a little troubled at the reports of a strange monster seen through a telescope, crossing the moon's disc. The man in the moon had come to life, and grave were the forebodings and profound the discussions of disasters impending to our lunar sister, till varied interpretations of the wonder were like to grow to fierce invective among the interpreters, when in a happy moment, one bethought himself to examine the telescope that had disclosed the prodigy, and lo, on the object glass, a small insect! no smaller however than the causes of most of the logomachies that afflict society.

So I think it was the merry monarch of England, Charles the second,—certainly it would have been in character for him—that made himself merry in posing his courtiers and savans, with the question, why a vessel filled with a given quantity of water, with a fish immersed in it, would weigh no more than the same without the fish. He succeeded in putting them to their wits' end in grave and learned interpretation, till it occurred to one to test the *fact* by experiment, when you know what became of it.

Some of us can recall a similar instance in case of the celebrated moon-hoax some forty years since, which set the whole country agog with wonderful revelations of objects in the moon; effected by a novel optic contrivance. Cities, temples, living beings with form and movement, were discovered. Great was the excitement. Pulpits resounded with thanksgiving and argument; with the enthusiasm of breaking into the enclosures of a new world, and with happy auguries for the extension of theologic and psychologic science. Philosophers, theologists, physicists were in gravest quandary, often at vehement loggerheads, till some one examined more carefully the optical device alleged to have been applied, when immediately the imposture became transparent.

We must then first see to it that we are not dealing with myths, illusions, fabrications; and to inquire in regard to facts presented for explanation,—whether they ever veritably happened; and if so, whether in the form and manner, time and environment represented. These belong to the truth of a fact. A fact in a wrong setting is no fact. A truth in wrong relation may be the most mischievous of lies.

But how determine the veritableness of your facts? For these, obviously, your history must be your first voucher; and for this purpose in its proper ideal import, it were a sufficient voucher. In such import—as a *philosophical record of facts*—a *record causative, consecutive and complete*, it were a perfect mirror of reality. But is it causative? Does it truly develop cause, effect, antecedent and consequent? A fact out of causative relation, admits of no philosophy, furnishes no elements of science. An isolated character from the Chinese alphabet, a pebble from the Parthenon, teaches me nothing.

Again, is it consecutive? presenting things in the order of their happening? the order of organic growth and development? or is it a medley? a congeries? the *disjecta membra* of history? annals,

or chronological tables? Mountains of rubbish, make no St. Peters, a thousand kaleidoscopes, no picture.

Again, is it complete? Not absolutely indeed. That were impossible. No finite intelligence were adequate to the entire relations of any fact. All facts belong to the infinite, are parts of a boundless web, links in an endless chain. All truths reach through one unity which God alone can measure. Still facts have a measurable completeness, a synoptical lifetime. Your history must be more than excerpts, memoirs, memorabilia; ought certainly to aim at the completeness requisite to develop the generic and organic idea.

But we may look long for histories corresponding to this ideal. The question will have to be one of degrees. To what degree is your history a veritable voucher? To answer this a judicious historic criticism is requisite. We must try the history by the historian. Your narrator on the stand—who is he? and what? when did he live? and where? Of what race? lineage? class? school? party? culture? genius? Is he willing to tell the truth? Is he able? He may be disabled by time, place, position, intellectual or moral idiosyncrasies: may be too near, too far; may lack information or insight: may want in philosophical faculty, analysis or logic, or in capacity of general ideas; he may be defective in imagination or taste; in moral sentiment, in sympathy or generosity—for these as well as justice and candor are requisite for historic truth-telling. He may fail in utterance, in style, diction, language. To try him in these respects, you need not read him through or far. Dip into him. A section, a paragraph, even a sentence will often tell you whether your story teller knows how to tell his story, whether he has philosophic and graphic faculty, or is a blockhead. For bias or prejudice, try him by crucial themes or facts; see how he deals with opposite schools or parties; how he treats rivals, antagonists, enemies. Single interests or scenes shall often disclose the partisan or the judge, the candor or the calumny. He may be too credulous for a truth-teller, or too skeptical, too intense or sententious; or he may be loose and slipshod. Some writers are perpetually ambitious, straining after effect, some are carried captive by their own rhetoric, with some, history walks always before you in stage costume, and in stateliness and grandiloquence; whereas in real life she is often dressed in russet, and walks and talks like common people. She may be

ponderous and Johnsonian, she may be constantly on stilts, as with Gibbon, or sparkling with antithesis, as with Macauley. Now we are to be jealous of all such tendencies, of all ambitiousness of style; indeed of all mannerisms. There is danger that writers addicted to these, will look more to the putting than the fact of things; that truth may be smothered under rhetoric or may be cramped by stateliness; may be sacrificed to effect, pushed aside by antithesis, or impaled on an epigram. As for instance, in one kind, when Macauley tells us in regard to laws against bear-baiting under the regime of the Puritans, that they were forbidden, not so much because they gave pain to the bears as pleasure to the spectators, he makes me laugh, as was evidently his aim; but as I laugh I distrust the trick of style that has made me do it.

But if in some of these, or in other ways we find our historic witness tripping, how shall we deal with him? cast him aside entirely? We shall have no witnesses left. We must treat him as before a civil court; sift his evidence, weigh it, take it for what it is worth. For instance, shall we cast away Tacitus for some crude and absurd stories concerning the Jews, which he seems to have picked up from returned Roman soldiers, instead of consulting, as he should have done, Josephus? There is not, on the whole, a truer, grander, more philosophic mind in all classic antiquity.

Again: shalt we discard Josephus, because sometimes his national vanity and orientalism get the mastery of him? We can not spare his most valuable, and generally truthful, narrative; we have nothing to take its place. And Hume—because we cannot trust him in the era of the Stuarts—is he to be rejected utterly? How many of us would plead for his many delightful chapters of graphic, lucid and truthful story, in earlier periods? Is Gibbon to be entirely closed because we cannot trust his coloring and spirit in regard to the christian religion? What, then, shall we do for the loss of that miracle of patience and erudition he has built over the gulf of ages, between the ancient and the modern world? And Allison, when he tells us how, in the battle of the Nile, when the flames at length reached the magazine of the burning Orient, mast and beam, rigging and crew, went through the air, and so high that only after *five minutes* were they heard to plash in their fall, we are indeed astounded at the height to

which they rose, and only wonder they came back at all. But shall we utterly renounce a writer, in many respects honest, honorable and attractive, because for the nonce his imagination got the better of him?

So, when Miss Martineau informs us, gravely, "that in some parts of Kentucky the prairie takes fire every day, about eleven o'clock, from the sun's heat and burns over," and then naively remarks, "it indicates a great want of shade trees!" We think as much, and a still greater miracle of the productiveness of Kentucky soil, that it "every day" grows green again, for a new scorch. One cannot help thinking, in reading such paragraphs, what stuff some wags occasionally put into her ear-trumpet. And yet she was a right honest and truthful woman, always, in the intent, and generally in the execution of her narrative.

But your facts being assured, the next question of Historic Method is that of interpretation—how to extract their import? A veritable fact, then, being before you, make it speak, make it utter all its contents, all its implications. Put it upon the rack; torture it. Compel it to disclose its cause, consequent concomitants; its essence, its idea—whence? why? how? whither? Search it as with the analysis of the compound blow-pipe. Hold it steadfast in the focus of the mental rays, till that which was before dark, dumb, dead, lives, glows, kindles, flames, unfolds itself—flashes into inter-relation and correlation, and the irradiation of its sphere. Then apply to the elements presented by your analysis a rigorous induction of laws, and then, from the results of your induction, construct philosophical principles and practical lessons.

It is wonderful how much is often in one fact. How much never read by the multitude; how far it sees, and how much it can tell; what a periphery it lights up; how many clues of how many labyrinths may be knotted in its nexus; *e. g.* The death of Socrates—what does it tell us of his age? of Athens? its philosophy, its politics, its morals, when such a man could be so hated, condemned and put to death? So the assassination of Cæsar: How many of the threads of the world's history complicate in it? So of another assassination in our own Capital, under the shadow of the great Washington—how many passions, ideas, hates, wrongs, culminated in that scene of murder! and of historic influences, an ocean tide! So of the ordeal of the Middle Ages—what

does it tell us of the courts, laws, jurisprudence, manners and superstitions of those ages?

One comes by the practice of thus interrogating facts, to read history at last by marginal summary, title page, caption, initial sentence and paragraph, as did Napoleon, with the facility of picture-glancing.

He becomes at last a Restorer, a Creator; a Cuvier, from a fossil tooth able to restore a lost species and its habitat; a Champollion, deciphering the hieroglyphics of dead and buried eras; a Verrier, by science and astronomical analysis, dragging forth to view new worlds from the crystalline abysses. He walks, as with a second sight, in the historic and social realm, with vaster outlook and wider horizon than other men. He sees the cloud, "as a man's hand," over the distant floods; hears the whisper of the tempest from afar; the murmur of earthquake, yet smothered in the dtripping, the shadow of change in the light; feels the coming? Wetion in the air.

Eminent among examples of such historic faculty in extracting the import of facts, is Heeren's Fragment upon Palmyra, wherein, from a few broken marbles in the Syrian Desert, protruding like bones of a buried mastodon from the sands, he has restored—it is wonderful how much of a lost chapter of lost history. Carlyle's Cromwell is like it. You wonder the author can make so much from so little. Nieblur, Momsen, Arnold, Grote, are also signal instances in this kind.

Having thus interpreted facts, the results of your analysis must be reduced and formulated into general principles, in order to be wrought into lessons of life, feeling and action; that is into a social science or a political philosophy. For this purpose it needs that the past be constantly studied with a lively consciousness of the present, and with reference to the living world. There needs, moreover, a catholic humanity; the life of a great sympathy, that can raise dead cycles from the grave, and walk with them in full human fellowship and brotherhood; a largeness of intellectual and moral nature, that while walking the streets of exhumed Herculaneums, cannot only look over the ruins upon living Italy, but can make them living cities again of a living Italy.

A historic method, again, that seeks a social science, requires a wide-seeing and discriminating eclecticism. First, out of the vast expanse of Universal History we must select fields most fertile of

material for social science ; peoples, countries, races, eras, richest in facts, examples, principles, ideas. Some fields are too mythical, others too barren of memorial or example. Some present nations prisoned and smothered by despotisms. Vast cycles tell you nothing. They are dreary, silent, dead. Richest elaborators of social science are the histories that bring the millions much into view, and in their own culminating and climacteric periods of culture and liberty : as for example that of the classic nations of antiquity, or of those with liberal institutions in the modern world. An hour with Pericles were worth ages with the Pharaohs ; a day in Europe, a cycle in Cathay. Again, in fields thus elected, our method requires sub-selection of times and topics on the same principle, and of compartment within compartment.

Again, to the fields selected, there must be applied what is called in Art, grouping and relief. To some persons history seems one boundless, uniform plain ; all objects alike in value. They read with equal emphasis, "Adam, Seth, Enoch" of their genealogies, and, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," and in tone, "and the snuffers were of pure gold" with the same solemnity, as "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." &c.

But history is not a dead level, nor are all its objects alike in prominence or relation. It must be treated accordingly. Some objects must be set in strong light, others in shadow ; some made conspicuous, others obscure ; some placed in front, others in the back-ground. Some strongly individualized, others less so. Here the landscape will rise into mountains, there, droop into vales. Some objects must be central and chief, others auxiliary and incidental ; and this, not only for artistic effect, but for truth's sake and for knowledge.

Things are not alike in nature, were they so, no knowledge were possible. Knowledge is only through differences, contrasts or comparisons. A landscape is not comprehensible, or knowable, when it stretches out a mere uniform expanse of desert or prairie. There must be distribution, individualization, grouping and massing, or there can be no knowledge. It must be channeled with vales, ridged with hills, chequered with contrasts of farm and forest, field and flood, and have prominent landmarks and individual objects as centres of relation and aggregation, or you can not know it. So a water view of uniform wave or calm is to us

nothing. It must be marked with shore, isle, rock, breaker; with sunlight, shadow, and the like, to make a picture.

So, in order to study the starry heavens, there must be something more than an infinite suffusion of star-mist. The mist must resolve itself into lights of different magnitude. These must become centres of relation and grouping. Clusters, constellations, systems must be created; and these distinguished by symbol or nomenclature, or there can be no geography of the heavens.

Central objects especially prominent and significant in this grouping and relief, and which require especial study, I call *Historical Exponents*. They are representative objects; class facts; organic and historic forces. They are as mountain-tops with wide outlook before, after and around; peaks shining over wildernesses; light-houses illumining nightly seas. They are representative of causes or effects, antecedents or consequents, of relation and environment; are exponential of vast social laws and forces; links of a long chain; shreds which draw up immense webs of adherent fragments, which again, are indicia of extensive systems. They tell what has been, what must be, and what is. They stand as great permanent causes, or the effects of such causes. Analyzed, reduced and interpreted, they yield general terms and formulas in social science. They should be closely and familiarly considered, until they bring at once before us, all they imply of antecedent, consequent, or concomitant. A quick facility in interpreting these constitutes eminently the historic faculty or historic sense. By means of this we shall be able to comprehend, interpret and forecast history, by a sort of general signs or algebraic symbols applied to social problems. Historical exponents may be classified as original or secondary; natural or institutional; aboriginal causes, exponential of results; or those at the same time causes and effects, and looking both ways.

Of the first class, *e. g.* is Physical Geography. It is striking how much of history is fore-written in physical geography; on sea, earth, sky, climate, soil, mountain, vale and waste. These are God's original two tables—primary ordinances of history, of occupations, manners, tastes, laws, trades; of commercial economic and military systems; of maritime or land life and empire. Civilization itself, in its peculiar stamp and progress seems thus fore-ordained.

Laws again, are a secondary and institutional exponent; are significant as both impress and mould, imprint and type. They represent wants, occasions and aims; stand for situations and ideas—economic, political and religious. Of free nations, they are the solemn will of the millions. Of despotism, they are plastic compresses, shaping peoples to themselves, *e. g.* the laws of uniformity, with which the statute books of European nations, bristle; what type of religious and philosophical ideas, or of rights, liberties and civilizations, do these indicate? Sumptuary laws again, such as appeared in Rome under the emperors, or those enacted in Italy, Belgium and France in the 13th and 14th centuries, or subsequently in England, as for example, in the times of the Tudors, forbidding the wearing of silk stockings, to all but the queen and princesses—how much do they tell us of the political and domestic economy? the condition of trade, manufacture, manners and ideas? and of the situation of popular liberties in those ages?

So, marital laws, as, *e. g.* those of Imperial Rome—how much do they indicate of popular corruption, luxury and national decay, when what nature in all natural and free civilizations amply provides for, is required to be enforced as a matter of coercion or penalty. The marriage code of the Cæsars tells us, as clearly as Gibbon's pen, of the decline and fall of the empire.

So religion is both product and factor of history—archetype and antitype of ideas. God makes man, and man makes God, each ever after their own likeness.

So literature is the mind of a people, era or race crystalized; is at the same time mirror of its past, and present, and formative of its future.

So language is an exponent in history, as product and instrument; a fetter or a wing; a blind or a telescope, *e. g.* what does the greek of Homer indicate of culture before Homer? and what did it determine for the achievement of mind after him? Some languages seem of themselves as prisons and pigmy cases of civilization. To place Homer or Pindar in the Chinese, were like harnessing Pegasus to a dray or tread-mill.

So genius, original—whether ethnic or individual,—may be noted as historically exponential. As, *e. g.* the tendencies, workings, achievements of the Greek, Latin, Phœnician races, in the ancient world; or of the Teutonic or Celtic in modern, are dis-

tinctly marked as pervaded by some distinctive, original, ethnic forces, which have had much to do in making the earth and history what they are.

So individual genius has often been motor or pivot, deflector or vitalizer in the history of mankind. Homer, Socrates, Plato, Epaminondas, Alexander, Cæsar, or Dante, Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, &c.—all these are representative of historic forces, which being removed, the history of mankind were sensibly altered. Such minds have the character of original forces thrown into society by the hand of God from time to time, vindicating it against enslavement to mere physical fate.

So commerce is exponential of physical geography, of occupation, art, ideas, institutions, wealth, liberty, foreign relations, civilization and empire. The stream of history—ancient and modern—*e. g.* how largely has it run through the channels of the India trade?

So finance has been the creator and the breaker of empires, liberties, civilizations. It represents strength, economy, ideas. The mightiest nations have perished by vicious economies. By it the Roman Republic fell, and by it whole provinces of Imperial Rome fell back to deserts before the foot of the barbarian pressed them. A vicious finance, false theories of trade have been to Modern Europe the prolific causes of wars, revolutions and national decay. Modern Britain is greatly the creation of finance, and its public debt is now among the mightiest of historic factors. So in the history of our great war, our debt will attract the historian only less than the war itself.

Institutions and politics, I need not adduce, as in like manner both creatures and creators in history. War likewise mirrors the manner, spirit, humanities or barbarities of a people. It evokes and disciplines the heroic or devilish—commonly both. It is to nations the shock that crystalizes and also that which shatters; as for instance, compare the Trojan or the Persian with the Peloponessian wars of Greece. It liberates or enslaves nations, breaks down bastiles or tears open the closures of the pit. It is a Nile flood or a Phlegethon. Terrible, even in its best form, and for highest intent, it is commonly the Pale Horse and Hades following after.

There are single battles also that are agonisms and crises in the world's history; changing it in all its subsequent ages. Actium,

Zama, Arbela, Tours, Waterloo,—these are capes projecting out into the stream of universal history, and deflecting it in all its course,

God rules and over-rules in human madness. But looked at by itself, in its own nature, war, contemplated in its proper scenery, its effects, woes and corruptions, presents a hell yawning in its three letters; an agony, madness, woe and crime of nations; better only than the dying itself, of a people.

So there are single series and events to be noted as historic exponents, that seem as confluences of mighty historic streams—as congresses of the Fates,—Triumviral suppers where the Roman world was carved up. Dinners of Philip of Orleans where the historic destinies of France and Europe were in carnival, whence the furies of Revolution went forth over Europe. But especially to be studied, as exponential in history, are periods of great political and social convulsion; crises, reforms, and counter-reforms; internal and inter-necine agonisms—the life or death-throes of peoples, working dissolution, despotism or palingenesis; notional catastrophies or revolutions. They are usually the pitched battles of ideas, the culmination of movements long in process, the collision of antagonist organic forces; cataclasms between different orders in political cosmogony. They are profound revelations, showing us humanity in its capacity of grandeur or gilt: earthquake epochs, tearing open abysses beneath the smooth superficies of our civilization, and under the brilliant show disclosing magazines of wrath, and the volcanic heart-throb of ages of wrong, hate and woe; the upheavals of mighty and immortal ideas—in dark and lurid deeps, where Phlegethon roll their fiery waves, and ghastly Coeytus sigh and shriek evermore, underneath landscapes of smiling prosperities and “fields of the cloth of gold;” and where the millions in their Titanic agony are lifting under old worlds, and wrestling with night. They are solemn Nemeses often—the fifth act in long dramas of crime where the Eumenides of hoary wrongs, hound down guilty nations and wreak the catastrophe.—Days of wrath, when the Babylons and Tyres, the Romes and Parises and Londons of the world, with their pomp and power and pride and pleasure, their shams and shames, go down quick into hell.

They too are demiurgic and inaugurative epochs; where different cycles touch, and new orders are born. They are challengers of

the deeps. They call up the Titans lying on the nether floods. They bring new ideas, forms and forces, to the regency of affairs. It is well carefully to note them as paradigms of social pathology—as well as epiphanies of divine rule in the affairs of the world.

Of such national agonies, one, the hour admonishes, presses on us for closer inspection; one which history will gaze on forever. The land where we tread still feels the shock and tremor of the earthquake. The earth has yawned beneath our feet, and disclosed the deeps. But too near is that gulf which has opened for narrow scrutiny, and our eyes too dimmed with tears. We cannot look clearly down it, for that a mighty host of our loved and bravest, our sons, our fathers, our brothers, lie there, forever cut off from the light of the sun. The thunder-cloud, too, yet wanders over it, and the echo of the bolts is still sounding through the deeps. We cannot yet distinctly take the gauge and dimensions of things. But some things are clearly disclosed. The lessons enunciated, some of them, are patent to all the world.

And first, the sovereign force of moral ideas in history. It is the explosive up-heaval of such ideas against a system of wrongs ponderous with the weight of an empire, that has sprung the abyss beneath our wondrous prosperity, and caused the cry of our agony and ruin to be heard through the coasts of all the earth. Moral ideas, by the shallow philosophy of Buckle and his school, divorced from the category of appreciable historic forces, are demonstrated to be the mightiest of things beneath God's throne. Right and truth are shown to be imperial powers, armed with a divine prerogative and the strength of a decree of God; wrought in the heart of nations to a living sentiment, they are not to be permanently stifled or repressed, sooner will they turn this broad world over. Woe to the people that essays to smother them. They champion omnipotence.

Again, our great tragedy shows that the great personal forces of history are *moral* more than intellectual; that the personal influences most sovereign in it, are those of moral quality and character. Persons that are idealized, that is, that are transfigured in the world's thought so that they become representatives of an idea potent in shaping and directing history, are thus transfigured by the opinion of moral goodness attaching to them.

This idealization of persons or characters, is Heaven's means of husbanding the moral excellencies of the past, and of enthroning

moral grandeur and beauty over history. We have had occasion to see how these idealizations are created, and how God hangs the historic sky with stars to illuminate and guide, ennoble and vitalize the course of humanity. He peoples the Historic Pantheon, not so much with intellect as with souls; less with geniuses than virtues. It is goodness and truth,—concrete and impersonate, it may be,—in vulgar human mold; set in homely environment and girt with incongruous investiture—it is the qualities of *soul*, that have power to transfigure the gross and earthy embodiment into a power and a glory; a light and a life to the nations. Persons change to principles; the material to the spiritual; to virtues impersonate—to living ideas. The corporeal type fades out: there is a vanishing of the idiosyncrasy and the personnel, an elimination of the local and temporary; the accidental and incongruous. Everything works to a spiritual unity—to a single essence—to the pure idea. Such, at last, is its aspect toward the world. So the ideal is born of the real; but of the real sublimated, clarified, etherealized, transfigured and upborne to the empyrean. Men become the embodiment of an idea and that idea becomes their apotheosis. Their face becomes the face of a truth. Time bleaches it of stain and defeature, of the impure and alloy. Their defects fall away with the years. And time, which clarifies, uplifts. They are stars shining as they rise, dimly through the earth fogs and smokes, and liable to be mistaken for the city lamps with which they blend, but starting with the earth's roll from the street lights, to the zodiac and the zenith.

Distance only reveals the grandeur of souls essentially great. Like Mt. Blanc lifted from its environment of lesser heights, as the traveller recedes—they tower, lone and sublime, across the valley of ages.

Still, idealizations of history are no falsehoods. They are the grandest of truths: the profoundest essence disencumbered of disfiguring and dimming veils. They are the most beneficent as well as potent of historic influences. The world grows to what it gazes on. The face that hangs sunlike over our American History,—the face of Washington—though doubtless much idealized, is true to our conception of the essential moral nature of the man, lying behind whatever personal idiosyncracies or foibles, weaknesses or mistakes, some in his time may have imagined disfigured it. And it is essential moral grandeur and beauty, not

genius or brilliancy that make that face one of love and power to the nations. That face—the world's idea of Washington—is now among the mightiest of historic forces beneath the sun. It is the star of hope to many peoples. Its clouding would be felt as an eclipse of the sun, a reduction of the life and light-power to earth's millions.

But the genius of the place, the memories that wander around yonder Capitol, admonish of a nearer and fresher instance. We have seen a historical idealization begun; elaborated from elements mingled of the divine and earthly; but the crass and homely mould, by the idea of indwelling essential truth, honor and goodness, etherealized, transfigured, upborne and set amid the lights of the historic skies. We have seen a star born and by virtue of its essential nature, springing from beside us, from earth's lowly places, to the zenith.

An awful Presence wanders by noon and night around the grave at Oak Ridge. But its representative orb shines over that tomb, higher than the Pleiades—evermore. To that, the Muse of History will point down coming time, as asserting for heroic loyalty to God, country and humanity, walking according to the light God gave, and for a simple childlike honesty that carried this loyalty into the most mighty and awful issues of human history; and in its high mission, steadfast to the last, "in charity to all in malice to none," gave up life itself, for duty.—I say the muse of history will point to that example, as asserting for such honesty and loyalty of soul, an essential and immortal kingliness, that—apart from brilliancy of genius or culture—despite of imperfection and defeature—personal or mental—in despite, if so be, of weakness, or mistake in logic or policy,—claims a perpetual sceptre and crown in the Historic Realm.

It may startle us to think of one of late so near and now so far; one long beside us in the common and familiar walks of life, of no regal guise, presence or culture, throned so high amid the perpetual kings.

But the idealization and translation are in progress: not so much from any qualities of intellect or masterliness of policy or measures, as from the moral majesty of truth, the beauty and grandeur of a soul, honest to its very core and to the very death. And by force of these, it requires no prophet to assure us, spite of whatever incongruity or defeature—idiosyncratic or personal—

that face and form, transfigured by the idea of the indwelling virtue, will shine forth in the skies of the future, more glorious than the Belviderean God of light; shine forth as the face of a truth, a virtue, a divine idea impersonate.

This was foretokened in that funeral heralding that draped belts of latitude and longitude and successive states in mourning over the martyr yet victor, on his great return.

Never had a conquerer in the past such a cortege and following. And when, pale, silent and marred, that form thus came back from the war, and lay in state in yonder capitol, the transfiguration had already begun. History and Death had touched that face to an awe and majesty that seemed no longer of the sons of men. On that brow the assassin's mark was already changing to the aureola—to the glory—and from the mute lips, the words, "In charity to all, in malice toward none," and, "for these I am willing to die," seemed mingling with the Hymn of History down the aisles of all the future.

That face—thus transfigured to that of the Moral Sublime, to a virtue already on high, will be seen by the idea of heroic goodness inhering, upborne higher and higher over the future, when the surge of our great tragedy shall have sunk behind the horizon; above its war-scenery, its masses of force, its blazon of mighty names, latest of its historic constellations; like Cassiopeia's throne in the circumpolar skies, in the circle of perpetual apparition—rising and falling, it may be, with the earth's roll—but to set never more.

And the muse of history pointing the American youth thither, shall reiterate "*Sic, sic itur ad astra.*" This, this is the pathway to the stars. Goodness and truth—these, these unlock the Heavens.

Another lesson directly implied in those to which I have already alluded, and unmistakably taught us in our recent catastrophe, is that of 'a moral rule—a God in history. That storm, whose thunderous masses we still look back upon, was clearly the march of God. It was His face that looked forth from its darkness and tempest; and the sun became as sackcloth and the moon as blood, and the stars fell from Heaven, and the old earth passed away.

A divine regency is disclosed in human affairs. Evidently there is in history a celestial rule and guidance, a plan of God. True the wheels of His car are so high they are dreadful. We cannot closely or always follow them; but we know their roll is

on the deeps, and that they are full of eyes, instinct with infinite intelligence, and that their course is through the circle of all the ages. Indeed, a God in history is the keystone of the whole circle of historic or social science. Without a God, a philosophy of history is impossible; there can be no comprehensive, permanent, regulative reason in affairs. Without Him history becomes a chaos, a ruin, a despair.

But I may not linger longer on the historic teachings of our recent terrible national trouble. Indulge me a moment in other historic reminiscences, which the genius of this place is whispering me, as I stand once more in the Capital of Illinois—the western State of my first love, and my enduring interest and pride; long the State of my adoption and my home; the land of my youth, when the land itself was young. As I stand thus here, with some friends of those days still around me, I feel crowding upon me, from those far-gone years, forms and scenes that have merged into the early times of Illinois, and have become significant exponents of its history. I seem again standing in Illinois in the first glory of its sunrise; the dew of morning on nature and society, and friends around me now gray, or in the grave, but who had not yet “newed their glorious youth;” those afterward became, many of them, primary elements and primordial factors of the society and civilization of the State—of its laws, institutions, economy, policy, religion and education. Some still live, wearing well their strength and their honors. Long may they live to wear them. Others draped in shadow, and fast becoming part of the ideal realm; their personalities changing to historic signs and factors, representative of ideas and epochs—seem passing before me. DUNCAN—my earliest friend in Illinois, and who mainly induced my coming hither; whose bravery for the flag had early been honored by the gift of a sword by his country; whose impress on your system of internal improvements will endure with the land itself. His last battle—the struggle of that giant frame with the angel of death—it now comes up before me, as in that solemn and stormy night, when the forces of darkness and tempests seemed opening for him the portals of the Eternal Light.

Another—the generous and chivalric HARDIN! fascinated, as to a fate, by the war-trumpet from afar, his life-star sank in the battle-storm of Buena Vista.

And BAKER! the enthusiastic, imaginative, impulsive and brilliant! with a tongue to charm senates; Greek in his type of genius and in his passion for liberty, glory and country—a passion leading him through many years and many climes, and marshalling him at last to the fatal day at Ball's Bluff.

There is BLACKBURN, with majestic frame and crown of snow and heart of flame, with his tongue of evangelic persuasion, and his imagination like a procession of the judgment.

And LIPPINCOTT—gentle and wise, who through his press left his early impress on the politics and society of the State, and especially on its constitutional provisions against slavery; and who subsequently devoted himself to its evangelization, gracing the ministerial office with a blameless, beautiful and beneficent life.

There was WOLCOTT, of massive and powerful manhood—intellectual, moral and physical—who brought much of the Ironsides and of the Plymouth granite to incorporate with the early elements of Illinois; and TILLSON, the genial and generous, whose presence ever seemed to bring a larger sunlight with it, and whose public spirit and liberality wrought for permanent benefit in the early history and institutions of the State.

There is another, among the primordial historic factors of Illinois, whose memory walks the shades of Monticello, 'mid the carol of birds and the laugh of maidens, beneath the magnificent educational structure that shall be the lasting memorial of his noble liberality, and large forecast, to coming times.

Another—from a grave not far from his, a form dabbled in blood, comes from the heights of Alton, known to fame as a proto-martyr in the moral and political battle of half a century—his blood among the first drops of what a crimson tempest! Beside him appears that brother that caught the fallen flag from his dying hand,—its folds all purple with a brother's blood,—and bore it on—his clarion voice summoning the sons of Illinois and those loyal to freedom and country, through the land—on to battle and to victory.

Other personages that were historic factors crowd upon me, diverse often, in aspect, action, policy and party, often in personal strife, and receiving in their graves, often, a larger measure of generous and charitable judgment, than they accorded to each other when living.

"Their swords are rust,
 Their bones are dust,
 Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

Among these, appears one variously and strangely gifted of nature, subtle, adroit, sagacious; flexible, indomitable; with genius organic and daring, a natural leader of men, with look—however variously directed it may seem to some amid the chance and change of the mighty conflict in which he mingled, and the vast game he played—turning at last, when the cry of treason was in his ear, with true filial love to the old flag, and with dying utterances to his sons, of fealty to the Union and to Fatherland.

* These and other forms deminuric, less associated with my own personal memories,—whom I would gladly name, but that time forbids;—the founders and organizers—civic, economic, evangelic and educational—of Illinois, crowd upon the hour—shadowy leaders of shadowy throngs, and amid them one that "the likeness of more than a kingly diadem hath on"—the victor's wreath twining the martyr's crown upon his brow.

These and others whose names are part of the land's language, but of whom I may not speak, for that God still gives them to us, who have wrought in their day, greatly, wisely, bravely or lovingly, for Illinois, have made its early history already signal and illustrious—often grand. What its future may be, who shall limit? if that future is true to its past.

A State, which in 1833, I found an infant in swaddling bands, cradled in the green wilderness, and which I have since seen, at the call of its noble Governor—then a gifted great-souled boy in college—rushing to the rescue of Fatherland with an army of 150,000 men, under the gallant leadership of its own sons; a State where public schools organized and systemized under the able administration of its wise and large-minded superintendent,—to whom I was then imparting the rudiments of culture under the shadows of the wild woods, whom I loved then as a child, and whom I now love and honor as a man—a State which now presents, in its public schools, an army vaster in number and in elements of power than that which Napoleon led against Moscow—a State which exhibits such promise in the morning of youth,—what may we not hope from its manhood.

What that future shall be, will be determined mainly by the moral ideas which shall be regent in it; indeed largely by the

* See note at close of Lecture.

moral sentiment of some now before me, to whom, honored with highest position, judicial, legislative and administrative, or sitting in Constitutional Convention, this grand young State now commits itself. For through sentiments of this order—those of truth, honor and piety—more than through intellectual brilliancy or forecast, rises the life of States. Great ideas make men and States great. These are ultimately the mightiest and profoundest of historic factors ; those which God especially husbands and utilizes through idealization, as beneficent powers for the history of man.

A Divine reason and economy seems thus to unite all the past to all the future, showing one moral rule through all. Under the One God, history becomes one. With God recognized as historic factor, all things have a vaster relation and significancy. We come to a new order of historical exponents. Exponential values become infinite ; exponential forces strike the circle of the everlasting. All the past becomes exponent of all the future. On time is everywhere the signature of eternity ; over the inchoate and imperfect, the prophecy of consummation. Lost ages are not lost. None of the wise, the good, the true have lived in vain. Our baffled and broken works and lives are outreaches toward the perfect and immortal. Time's broken chainwork links at last to God's throne. Its shreds are wrought to a divine warp and woof in the vast loom of Providence. Cycles dark and baffled marshal to the coronal outcome—a veritable kingdom of God on earth.

The mighty grave, itself, where the good, the beautiful, the wise and the brave, have, age after age, gone down into night, becomes as the portals of a setting sun ; vistaed with mountains of crysolite, amethystine cities, the forms of glorious seraphim, and angel-pennons streaming through the sapphire, marshalling to a Morn beyond the sunset. So our earthly landscape, not only with the spires of all its temples, but with the shafts of all its tombs, seems thick with index fingers pointing upward to the eternal and the divine—the descending City of Light ; the Coronal Historic Order ;
THE NEW JERUSALEM.



NOTE.

A letter received from a much esteemed friend, versed in Illinois history, so aptly and justly alludes to historic personages with some of whom I was less acquainted, that I think it due to insert an extract from it here :

“Of the men who took a prominent part in moulding the early history of the State, and whose names are revered now by all, may be mentioned, in addition to those referred to in your lecture, the following :

Gov. N. W. EDWARDS, First Territorial Governor—afterwards member of Congress—a wise and good governor—liberal and statesmanlike in his views and policy—friend of common schools and of higher learning—a good and true man.

DANIEL POPE COOK.—Eloquent and ardent—father of the Illinois & Michigan Canal enterprise—giving name to Cook County.

DAVID G. BAKER.—Prominent among the moral heroes of that day—who greatly contributed to the defeat of the proposition to make this a slave state—afterwards U. S. Senator.

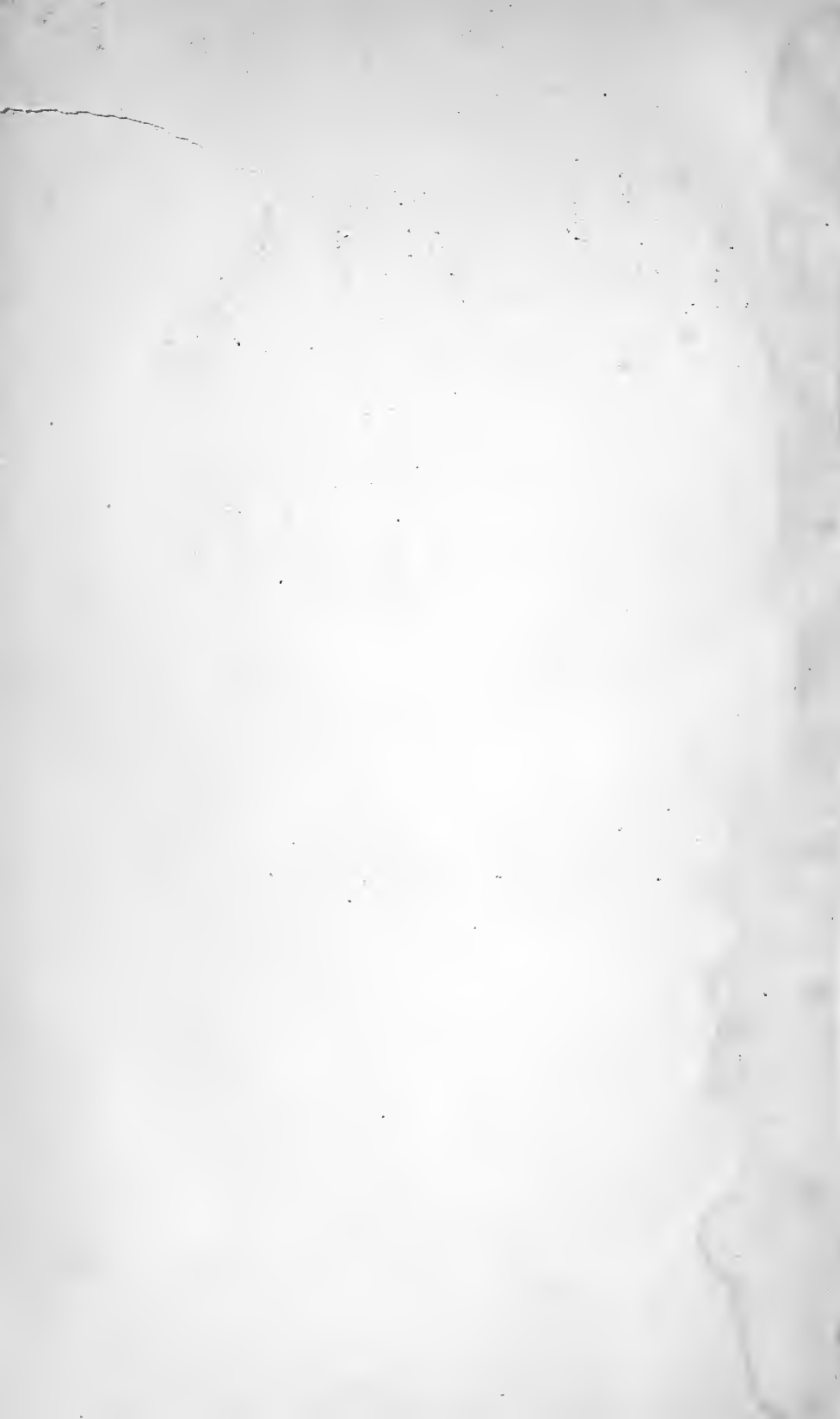
REV. J. M. PECK, of Gazetteer fame, who preached, talked and wrote incessantly, and left a deep and good impress upon his generation.

These have all passed away. Among their co-workers and fellow-builders who still survive, may be mentioned, Hon. S. D. Lockwood, the active friend of every good and worthy enterprise ; the able jurist ; the courteous and incorruptible judge, long an ornament to the Supreme Bench of the State ; the pure, generous, high-toned citizen and gentleman, faithful, conscientious and true in all the relations of life—Gov. John Wood, who rode over all the northern end of the State to secure votes against fastening the curse of slavery upon the soil of Illinois ; the honest and capable Governor ; the chivalrous patriot and soldier ; the enterprising citizen, the good and true man—Geo. Churchill, the veteran editor

and writer, whose powerful pen did much to mould aright the early sentiment of the State upon great questions of public policy, and who is still one of the ablest writers and soundest thinkers in the State. And the list might be greatly extended, of those who were identified with the early history and struggles of Illinois, and who still live, to see the wonderful progress, in all moral and material interests, of the State to whose feeble infancy they so freely gave the strength and wisdom of their early manhood. Blessings on their good gray heads! long yet may they be spared to us—calm and tranquil at last may be the sun-set.”

P. S.—Since writing the above, another has been added to the obituary list of those whom Illinois honors as amidst her early and master builders, in educational and religious interests—Rev. Theron Baldwin, D. D. As an evangelizer, and a founder of churches, his services were eminent in the early settlement of the State. His name also will be in lasting honor, as connected with the original projecting and founding of Illinois College, and eminently that of Monticello Ladies' Seminary—the earliest, and among the most effective institutions of the kind in the State.





BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 05532 204 2

JAN 24 1984

